The Sacrifice of Isaac

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by RomanM

Summary

> Children weeping over their parents smell like dark chocolate, sweetened by the relief and the subsequent guilt they feel toward their loss. Mates mourning over their deceased bonded smell like truffles, dark and earthy.
>
> With startling clarity, Hannibal can smell both of them, thick and heady in their nest.
>
> Slowly, gently, he asks, “When did you bond with your father, Will?”

Will recounts his father's unexpected rut to Hannibal.

Notes

> Kinktober Dead Dove Prompt: Incest, Sex Pollen
>
> Beau Graham's face claim is Billy Burke. [1] [2]

See the end of the work for more notes

“Will?” Hannibal calls out when he hears sniffling right outside their bedroom door. He can smell his mate, his sweet omega fragrance bitter with grief, and Hannibal finds him on the floor, hands curled around his dark hair as he sobs brokenly, his phone splayed on the ground. It is rather disconcerting to see; Will seemed so eager to take the call as they prepared for bed — *happy* even — yet here he is now, taking pitiful gasps of air as he chokes on his tears.

“Will, darling,” he says again, baring his neck to let his mate scent him as he cradles and carries him to their nest. Will holds onto him so tightly, nails digging into his skin as he cries, and Hannibal nuzzles him, murmuring sweet endearments until he calms. “What happened, mylimasis?”

It takes Will a moment to speak, his voice so small and so hoarse from crying. “It’s my dad. He wants to see me. To say goodbye.” His grip around Hannibal tightens once more, another sob threatening to escape him. “He’s dying, Hannibal.”

Hannibal kisses his forehead and places his hand on Will’s nape gently, rubbing small circles along their mating bite with his thumb. Gentling him. Grounding him.

Hannibal cannot quite empathize, growing up indifferent towards his parents, and they were taken from him much too early before he could form emotional attachments. Still, he is aware of how fond Will is about his father, his eyes softening, his lips curling up whenever he relates a childhood memory during their therapy sessions. Hannibal’s sadness is soft and genuine when he murmurs, “I’m so sorry to hear that, mylimasis. Truly, I am.”

His thumb lingers on another mating bite, right below his own. It has significantly faded now but Hannibal knows it’s still there. It had admittedly bothered him the first time he’d met Will — the thought that someone else had claimed this beautiful omega before him sparked a deep rage within his bones. Before he can seek out who it was and dispose of them, Will confessed that he bonded with someone much too early and they have since separated.

Now that Will is in his arms, Hannibal can’t help but let his mind linger there again, especially since Will’s bitter scent is so familiar. He had smelled it on his mourning patients countless times before; he even learned to distinguish them. Children weeping over their parents smell like dark chocolate, sweetened by the relief and the subsequent guilt they feel toward their loss. Mates mourning over their deceased bonded smell like truffles, dark and earthy.

With startling clarity, Hannibal can smell both of them, thick and heady in their nest.

Slowly, gently, he asks, “When did you bond with your father, Will?”

Will bristles, his shoulders tense as he cautiously pulls away from Hannibal’s embrace. His eyes are watery red as he looks at Hannibal, both alarm and guilt coloring his features for a moment before he turns away, staring down at his white-knuckled hands as they grip the hem of his shirt. “Hannibal—”

“I’m not upset, merely curious,” he says, surprised to hear its truth. Although a spark of jealousy remains, a petty frustration that he isn’t Will’s first bonded, such taboo relations never fazed him. Hannibal supposes he should’ve seen this coming given Will’s background — a young and lonely omega, growing up with his alpha father.

Will remains silent for a moment. He refuses to look at Hannibal, rubbing his damp eyes and cheek against his shoulder to dry them with his sleeve. “How did you know?”

“Your scent. Your grief. You mourn not for a father but a mate,” he says, watching how Will pulls his knees up to his chest and shrinks into himself. Hannibal reaches for him, lifting Will’s chin with his pointer and thumb until their eyes meet. “Would you have told me about this? Or would you have waited until I found out?”

Will’s mouth is set in a tense line, but he doesn’t pull away. “I was determined not to let you know. Not now or ever.”

“Yet here we are. Would you tell me now, darling?”

“It doesn’t matter, Hannibal. It doesn’t change anything between us.”

“Tell me anyway.”

Will closes his eyes in defeat and takes a deep breath, exhaling shakily. He grips his arms and fidgets with the pile of blankets with his toes as he gathers his thoughts, and Hannibal waits. When Will finally speaks, his gaze is far-off.

There is no anger, no fear, no self-pity. Only facts.

“I was thirteen.”

Will doesn’t understand why this is happening. His father has always treated him with tenderness whenever they were together, never raising his voice or his hand to discipline Will. And yet here he is, ravaging his boy with such brutality it punches the air out of Will’s lungs.

Beau Graham doesn’t stop fucking in even when they’re joined together, pulling back until his knot tugs against Will’s stretched hole before driving back into the wet, tight heat.

Will sobs on the floor, scratching at the ratty linoleum of their kitchen in a feeble attempt to escape. He shudders when he feels his father pull out of him, his knot finally deflated, and with trembling limbs, Will tries to push himself up and crawl into his bedroom. Large callused hands drag him back by the hips and onto a slick, hardening cock, filling him up again as he cries.

“Daddy, no,” he rasps out as his father uses him once again, mindless in his rut. His thrusts are harsh and punishing yet Will can’t help how his pleasure grows and grows, warm in his

gut.

The sounds they make are obscene with the beat of slapping skin, quieted by how soppy Will's ass and thighs have become as multiple loads of come dribble out of him. There is the chorus of sounds they make too — his father's desperate growls mingling with Will's pathetic hiccuping, his moans rising in pitch as his father's knot expands once again.

"Daddy, no more! No more, please—"

"I'm sorry, chéri," his father grits out above him, and Will can hear his pain. His guilt. "I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry. It'll be over soon, darlin'. Promise."

Will whines when his knot locks them in place, filling his belly once more. He feels too full, his stomach distended after being bred so much yet he takes it, only making small sounds of distress when load after load is pumped into him. He falls forward and lays still on the floor, the fight leaving him at once as his father bows above him, nails digging into his pale ass as he pants and shivers through his orgasm. They've both lost count of how many times they've mated on the kitchen floor, their bruising knees ignored as the animalistic urge to claim and to comply, to breed and to be bred takes over.

Will is still young enough to present but they don't notice it at first — how his scent turns sweeter with sex, how hints of slick begin to spill around the knot, how fragments of gold appear in the blues of his eyes. Beau certainly isn't aware of it, reduced to base instincts by his rut, but that is more than enough. It is instinct that has him lock his teeth around Will's neck, right above the mating gland, holding Will still as he's jostled forward by his persistent thrusting. It is instinct that has him bite down hard enough that he breaks skin, that the boy screams from the pain before growing lax, pliant, and overwhelmed by his fast-approaching heat.

It is mere instinct that makes Beau Graham bond with his own son.

Hannibal sighs deeply through his nose, his face a stoic mask to hide the bubbling rage inside him.

"You *are* upset," Will points out, eyes wide and wary as he regards his alpha. If Will were any other omega, all sweet and weak-minded, Hannibal would've denied it outright. He would've held him close and gentled him until he fell asleep in their nest, all the while crafting plans to hasten his father's — his former *mate's* — death. But Will is unlike any omega Hannibal had ever met, with his keen eye and brilliant mind. He's certain Will can sense his displeasure as much as his lies, and so, he admits, "I suppose I am, but certainly not at you, my love. Never at you."

"You don't have to be upset for my sake. It really wasn't that bad," Will shrugs, oozing nonchalance as if he didn't just recount his own rape. "Besides, it happened a long time

ago.”

Hannibal narrows his eyes at the dismissal, barely resisting the urge to snarl. “Can you fault me for my wrath, beloved? For feeling it on your behalf? You were but a child when your brute of a father—”

“He’s not a brute. It was an accident,” Will insists through gritted teeth, blue eyes bright with defiance. “It’s just biology, Hannibal. No more, no less. His rut was triggered and I was there. End of discussion.” At Hannibal’s cold silence, Will sighs, pulling his knees up to his chest and resting his cheek on his folded arms. “You weren’t there. You wouldn’t understand.”

And Hannibal doesn’t. He can’t imagine sparing such a man from death or violence, much less cohabiting with him for many years. But Hannibal knows *why*, and the thought itself makes his blood run cold.

“You still love him, don’t you?”

It isn’t a question.

Will whines softly. He can handle his alpha’s anger when directed at someone else, but sensing his alpha’s displeasure towards *himself* must be unbearable. He crawls into Hannibal’s lap, ducking his head and nuzzling against his neck in supplication. “Hannibal, please—”

“Answer me, Will. I’d like to hear it from you.”

“I— I do. I *do* love him, but it isn’t like that. He’s my father and he was the only one I had for years. He’s important to me, but *you’re* my mate, Hannibal. I love you and I will choose you over everyone else.” He emphasizes his point by mouthing at Hannibal’s jaw and neck, planting chaste kisses on his skin, and watering them with fresh tears. “If you tell me not to go, then I won’t. But I *want* to see him for the last time. Please.”

It’s too tempting to refuse him, to forbid him from seeing his father once again. He knows Will would be true to his word; he knows he wouldn’t dare go if Hannibal asks him not to.

It is for that very reason that Hannibal relents with another sigh, nuzzling Will’s head with his cheek as he cradles him in his arms. “Alright then. Anything for you, mylimasis.”

Will’s breath hitches at the permission, pulling away just enough so he can press a tender kiss on Hannibal’s lips, and Hannibal drinks down his gratitude. He will deal with his jealousy another day; for now, Will needs an alpha to comfort and keep him company as he mourns the news.

Hannibal’s only consolation is knowing that when Beau Graham passes on, he will have Will all to himself. Until then, he must be patient. It’s only a matter of time.

Consciousness and sensation come to Will slowly. He first notices how his limbs feel like lead, followed by a dull pain in his hips and lower back. He tries to stir, to get up, but exhaustion wins out. He just woke up yet he wants to sleep, to dream, and he can't fight against the warm blanket holding him down, tucked along the edges of the bed, or the callused hand wrapped loosely around his wrist.

Will feels a shudder tear through him as he remembers whose hand it was.

His eyelids are heavy but he forces himself to open them, to see the world blurred with patches of sunlight and floating dust motes. He stares up at the yellowed ceiling of his bedroom before turning to the side of his bed. His neck stings and he vaguely remembers the sensation of teeth breaking his skin, yet he keeps going until he finds his father asleep with his head resting on folded arms, back hunched awkwardly from his seat. It doesn't look comfortable at all, and Will wonders how long he stayed there, holding his hand.

"Daddy?" he rasps out, so quiet it can be mistaken as a sharp intake of breath, yet it's enough to startle his father awake, looking down at him with wide, frantic eyes.

"Will?" Beau starts, his voice gruff with sleep as he smiles, and it's so warm and so full of relief that it hurts to look at.

"Are you alright, chéri? Did I— Does it—" His voice breaks, his smile shatters, and Beau clings to Will's small, pale hand as he weeps. He can't even look at Will anymore, his head pressed to the mattress as he chokes out, "I'm so sorry. God, I'm so, so sorry."

Will stares, unable to say a word. He has never seen his father cry before, not even when his mother left, and now, his body is wracked by sobs as he apologizes to Will over and over again.

A part of Will knows he should be afraid and angry. He feels the ache between his legs, the burning shame in his chest as he remembers bits and pieces of what had happened on the kitchen floor, and Will waits for fear and hatred to come to the surface, to consume every part of his being. But what he feels instead is anguish, bone-deep and boundless, and Will is certain that it doesn't belong to him. It's too much, too overwhelming; it cannot be his. And Will wants it to stop.

"Daddy," Will murmurs, and he can barely say it before tears are spilling down his cheeks. He tries to move and it hurts, everything does, but he wants to provide comfort somehow; he wants them both to stop drowning in their sorrow.

Will forces himself to sit up despite the burn on his thighs, then begins petting his father's hair, just like how he comforted Will whenever he had nightmares. "Daddy, please. It's okay. I'm okay. Please don't cry, daddy."

His father whimpers and buries his face into Will's small chest, wrapping his arms around him so tightly that his bones creak. But it feels like remorse and it feels like love, so Will holds him close and places a kiss on his head.

Will forgives.

End Notes

Title is based on the painting “Sacrifice of Isaac” (1604) by Caravaggio.

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